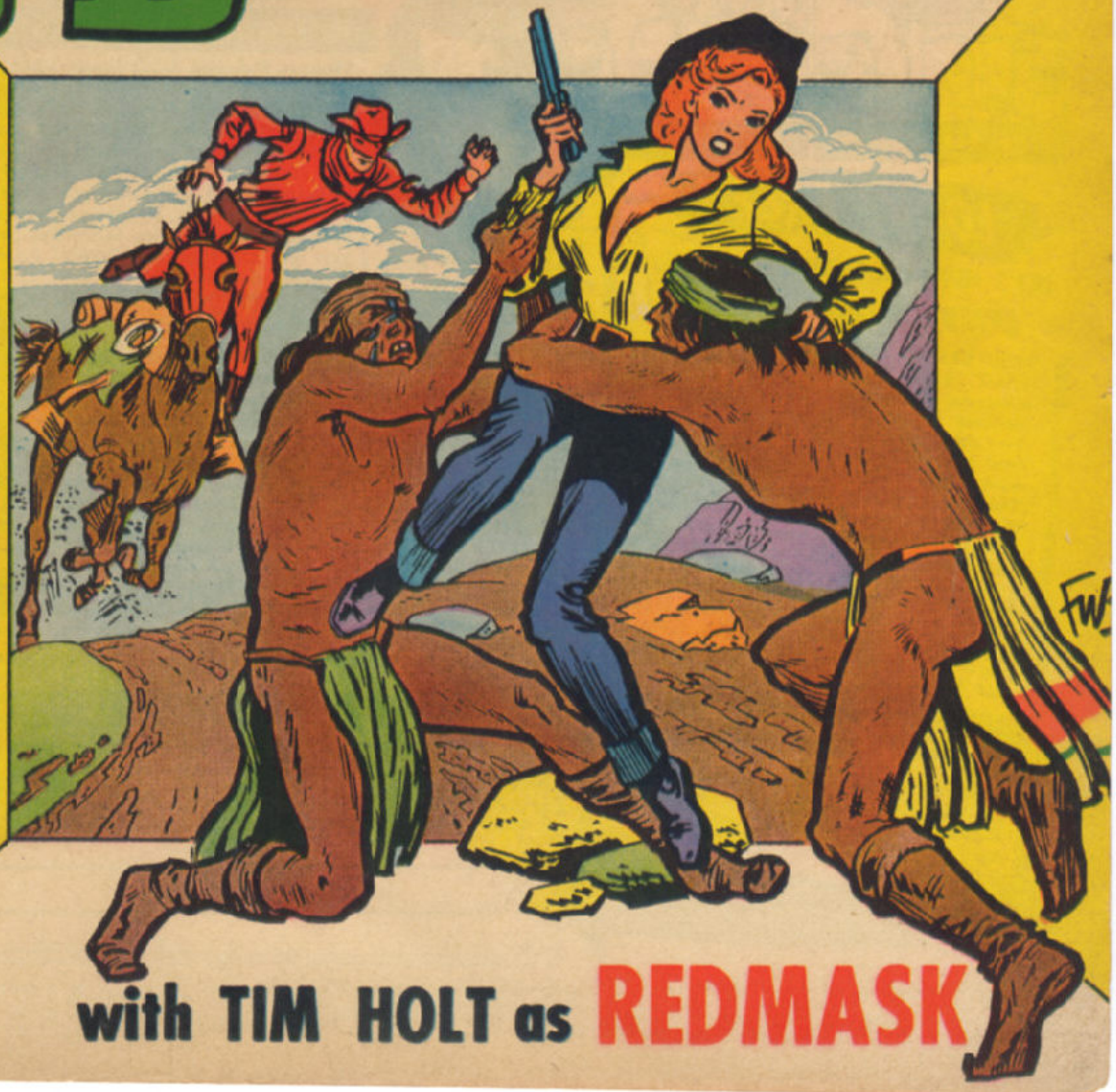
NO.40

Still 10c

and TIM HOLT

Tim HOLT

3-D DRAWINGS IN FULL COLOR!



with TIM HOLT as REDMASK

Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
Startling Comics
Barnyard Comics
Exciting Comics
Eerie
Exciting Comics
Casper Cat
Daring Adventures
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Radio's Super-Special
HARMONICA STAR
Cowboy JAY TURNER who teaches harmonica like he plays it—but GOOD! That's why thousands of fellers say —"Play with Jay and you really play!"

Play Red Hot HARMONICA MUSIC *In 8 Minutes Flat!*

RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!

AT LAST, a way to get hep to being a real harmonica maestro in a few FAST MINUTES! Leave it to Big Jay to dope out a sensational new "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" Harmonica that picks out your notes . . . adds your chords . . . does EVERYTHING but blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and how! Read exciting details below!

SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY! AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!

Play For Dancing

They'll Sing With You

Only $1

A STAR OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun is 'til you get "harmonica hot" the exciting Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the gang gather when you swing those cowboy favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh! Susanna!" And will you have to beat it *fast* to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity? Nobody else but *you!*

Star At Outings

A CINCH — WITH JAY'S "SLIDING NOTE FINDER!"

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin' jive—Jay's magic SLIDING NOTE FINDER *actually picks out the right notes for you* as it slides back and forth over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to blow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you use just ONE SINGLE opening in your MAGIC SLIDING NOTE FINDER. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic, the NOTE FINDER *automatically adds the right chords*—and you're making like a real radio professional!

LOOK! FREE!

JAY'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE SPEED COURSE!

YOU LEARN LATEST RHYTHM ROPES whizzing through Jay's exciting Speed Course! You don't even have to read a note of music. You just whiz along with plain-as-plain PICTURE directions. Then in 8 zippy minutes, you're *whizzing* through harmonica music that makes super-swell listening. Speed Course gives you music, words and "works" for 38 of your all-time favorites like—Yankee Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh, My Little Darling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin' Thro' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel—and 30 MORE!

Plus FREE DOPE ON HARMONICA TRICKS!

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost Noises"? It's EASY with Jay wising you up on these and lots more *professional* harmonica tricks!

SNAP UP JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!

GRAB JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY!

When your pal, Jay, says "No Risk"—he means just that! So treat yourself to this never-before harmonica deal today. Then if in 8 minutes flat you're not playing actual tunes, just shoot back the MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA, and you get your dollar back at once! HURRY, this may be your last chance!

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

JAY TURNER, Dept. T.H. 40 400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

OKAY, JAY! I enclose $1.00. Shoot me my MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA, plus *FREE* SPEED COURSE and *FREE* dope on HARMONICA TRICKS. If I'm not delighted, I may return the Harmonica in 5 days, and get my $1 right back.

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TIM HOLT, Feb.-March, 1954. Number 40. Published every other month by Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publication and Subscription Offices, 428 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Editorial, Executive and Subscription Offices, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Re-entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of 1879. Subscription in U.S.A. $1.50 for 12 issues; other countries, $2.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1953 by Magazine Enterprises. Printed in U.S.A.

Tim HOLT

SKULLHEAD — DARING ROBBER AND KILLER OF THE WESTERN PLAINS! **REDMASK** — FIGHTER FOR LAW AND ORDER ON THE EARLY FRONTIER! **BLACK PHANTOM** — FORMER OUTLAW QUEEN TURNED DEPUTY SHERIFF, WHOSE SECRET LOVE FOR REDMASK — AND JEALOUSY OF **TIM HOLT!** — CATAPULTS HER INTO THE MISTAKE THAT THREATENS TO TAKE HER LIFE AND THE LIFE OF REDMASK BEFORE THE TERRIBLE —

"SIXGUNS OF SKULLHEAD!"

AND SO THE BLACK PHANTOM RIDES OUT OF BULLET. SOME NIGHTS LATER, IN THE STREETS OF THE TOWN—

MOST OUTLAWS ROB BANKS AND TRAINS—BUT NOT SKULLHEAD! I TAKE THE MONEY FROM THE RICH RANCHERS—BEFORE THEY PUT IT AWAY FOR SAFEKEEPING!

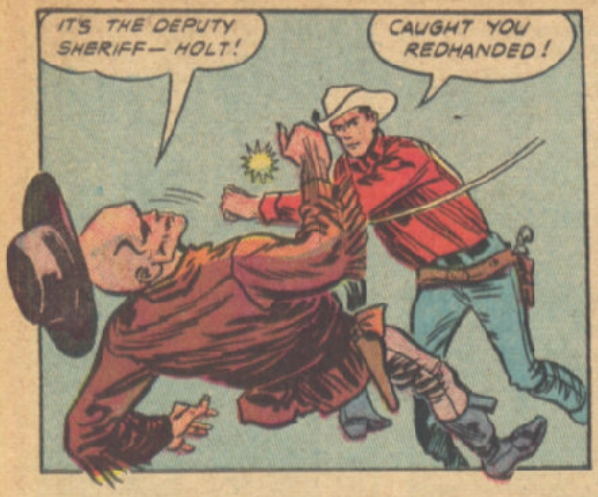
TRAIL HERDS KEEP FLOCKING INTO BULLET! WHERE THERE ARE TRAIL HERDS, THERE ARE MEN TO BUY THEM, AND MEN TO RECEIVE MONEY FOR THEM. SOON AS A MAN IS PAID OFF— I SHOW UP!

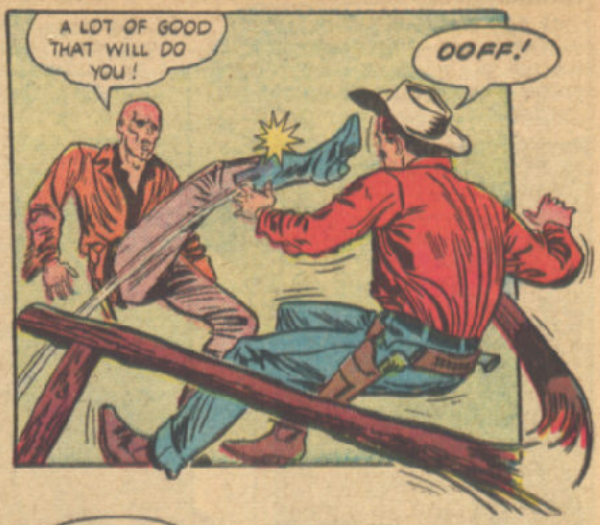
A PROFITABLE TRADE, THIS ONE OF MINE—AND ALMOST AS SWEET AS THE TAFFY CANDY I EAT TO RELAX MY NERVES!

ONE ROBBERY LEADS TO ANOTHER, AND SOON THE STREETS OF BULLET ARE THE STAMPING GROUNDS OF THE SKELETAL ROBBER...
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE! THE THIRD TONIGHT!

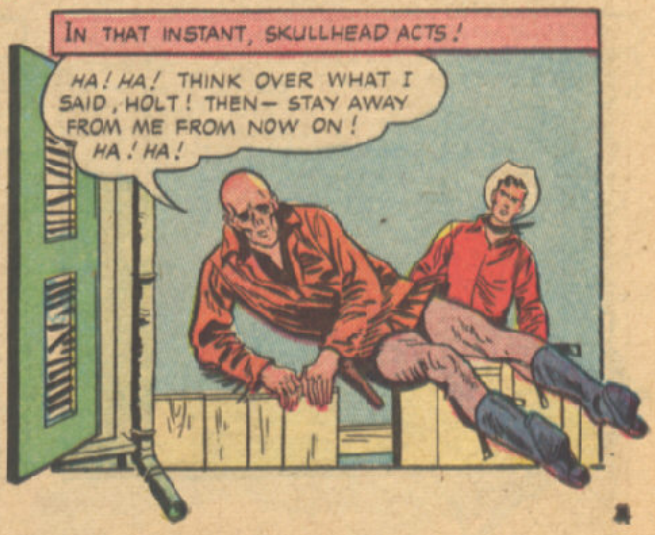
SOME NIGHTS LATER, SKULLHEAD MEETS A MAN WHO IS NOT TAKEN BY SURPRISE—
SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ROBS US RANCHERS! HELP! HELP!
FOOL! YOU FORCE ME TO USE LEAD ON YOU!

ANOTHER HOLDUP!





ACROSS THE STREET, THE PANTING COMBATANTS SWAY, REELING AND SHUDDERING UNDER PUNISHING BLOWS! UNTIL FINALLY SKULLHEAD CRIES OUT HOARSELY—



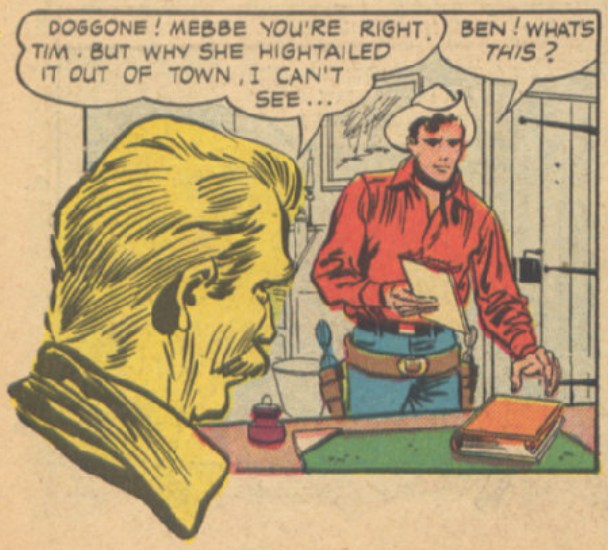
HE GOT CLEAN AWAY! IF HE MEANT WHAT HE SUGGESTED ABOUT THE BLACK PHANTOM... THEN IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP HIM... SHE MAY DIE...!

IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, MOMENTS LATER...
BEN, THE BLACK PHANTOM IS IN DANGER—AND I BLAME YOU!
HUH? TIM—YOU LOCO?

THE BLACK PHANTOM IS A DEPUTY LIKE ME, BUT WHENEVER A JOB COMES UP YOU IGNORE HER ENTIRELY!

"WHEN THE BALDWIN GANG CAME TRAIN-ROBBING AT APACHE ARROYO, YOU SENT ME AFTER THEM..."

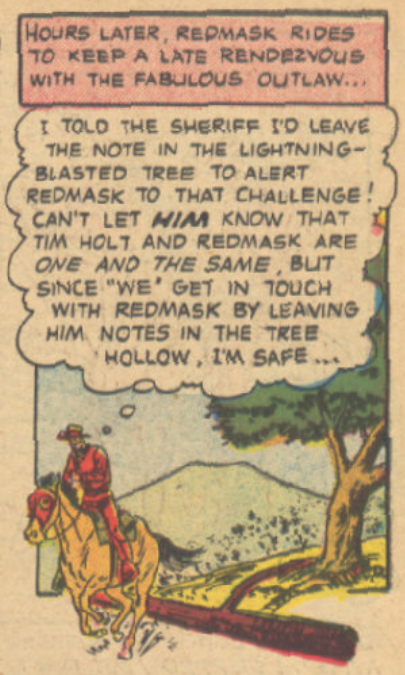
"EVEN WHEN THERE'S ONLY A HARMLESS DRUNK TO BE BROUGHT IN, YOU NEVER LET HER DO ANYTHING!"


DOGGONE! MEBBE YOU'RE RIGHT, TIM. BUT WHY SHE HIGHTAILED IT OUT OF TOWN, I CAN'T SEE...
BEN! WHATS THIS?

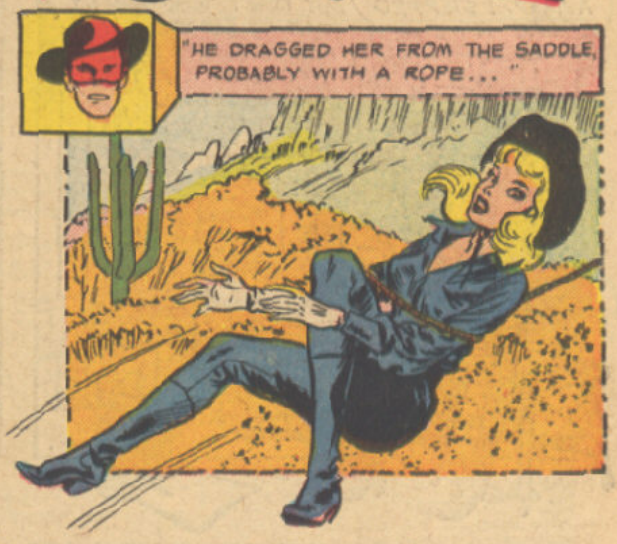
YOUR SCRATCH-PAD! THERE ARE DEEP LINES IN IT, MADE BY A PENCIL PRESSING HEAVILY! YOU WRITE ANY MESSAGE?
NOT ME! SAY, YOU THINK MEBBE THE BLACK PHANTOM FOUND SOME SORT OF MESSAGE AND TOOK IT— TO SHOW US BOTH WHAT SHE COULD DO ON HER OWN?

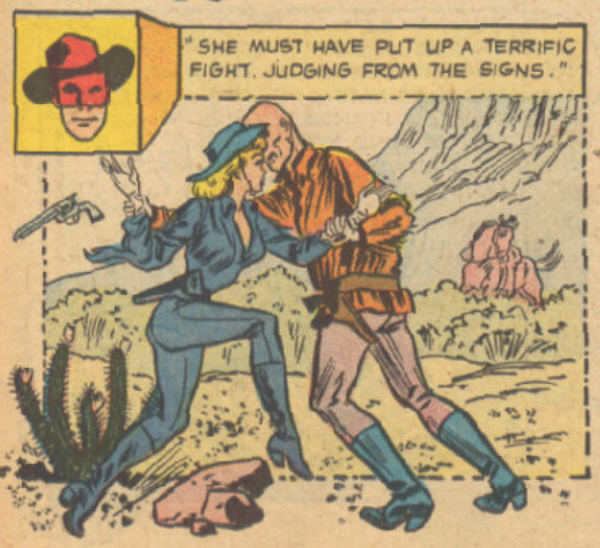
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I WILL WHEN I SCATTER THIS GUNPOWDER OVER THE PAPER. IT WILL SETTLE IN THE GROOVES MADE BY THE PENCIL AND MAKE THEM LEGIBLE!

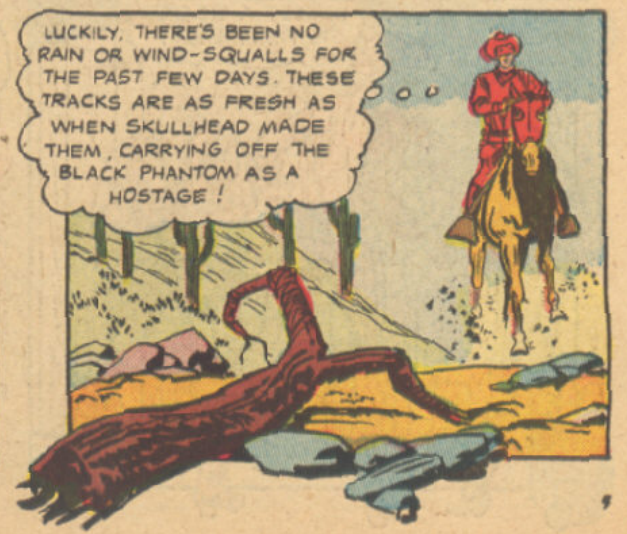
A CHALLENGE FROM SKULLHEAD TO REDMASK, TO MEET HIM ON PANTHER RIDGE!
THE BLACK PHANTOM WENT INSTEAD! TIM, DO YOU THINK SHE'S DEAD?

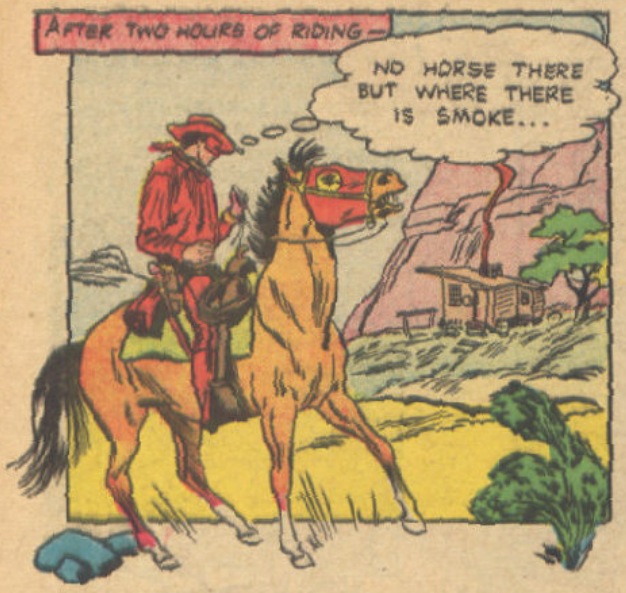

HOURS LATER, REDMASK RIDES TO KEEP A LATE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE FABULOUS OUTLAW...
I TOLD THE SHERIFF I'D LEAVE THE NOTE IN THE LIGHTNING-BLASTED TREE TO ALERT REDMASK TO THAT CHALLENGE! CAN'T LET HIM KNOW THAT TIM HOLT AND REDMASK ARE ONE AND THE SAME, BUT SINCE "WE" GET IN TOUCH WITH REDMASK BY LEAVING HIM NOTES IN THE TREE HOLLOW, I'M SAFE...

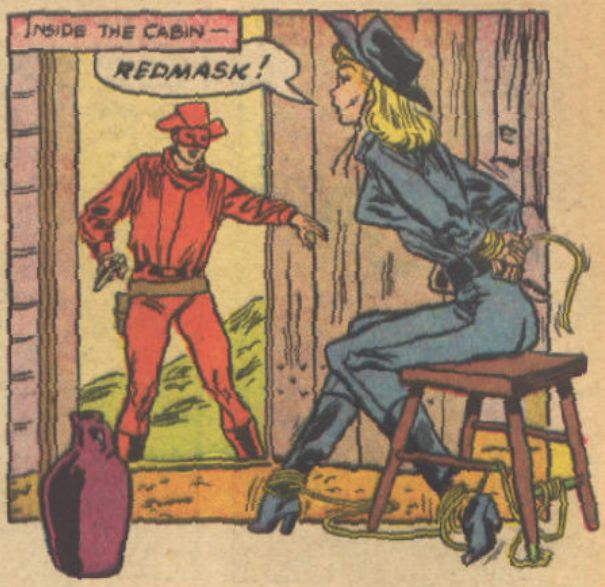
AT PANTHER RIDGE—
THE SIGN IS SOME DAYS OLD, BUT I CAN STILL READ WHAT HAPPENED HERE WHEN BLACK PHANTOM RODE TO MEET SKULL-HEAD...


"HE DRAGGED HER FROM THE SADDLE, PROBABLY WITH A ROPE..."

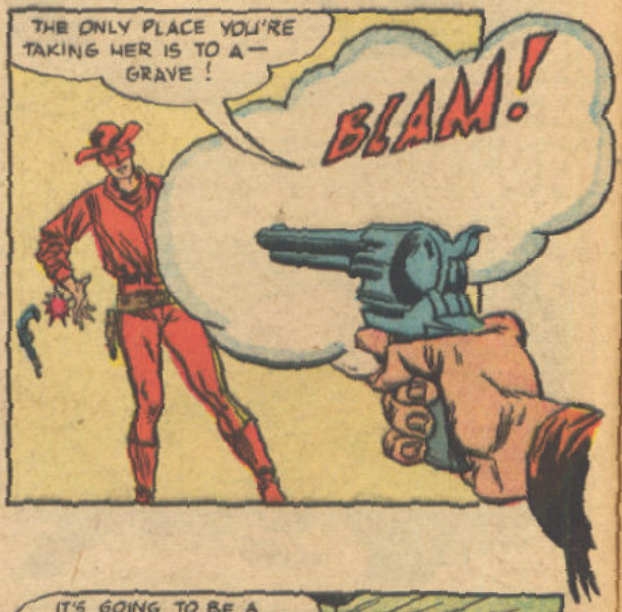

"SHE MUST HAVE PUT UP A TERRIFIC FIGHT, JUDGING FROM THE SIGNS."


LUCKILY, THERE'S BEEN NO RAIN OR WIND-SQUALLS FOR THE PAST FEW DAYS. THESE TRACKS ARE AS FRESH AS WHEN SKULLHEAD MADE THEM, CARRYING OFF THE BLACK PHANTOM AS A HOSTAGE!

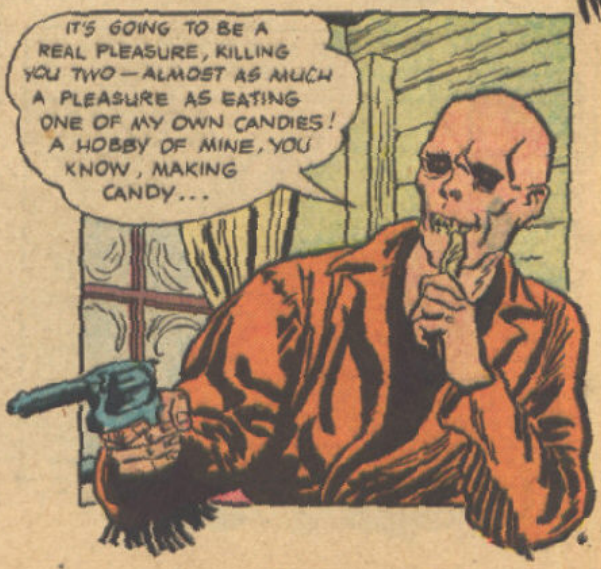

AFTER TWO HOURS OF RIDING—
NO HORSE THERE BUT WHERE THERE IS SMOKE...

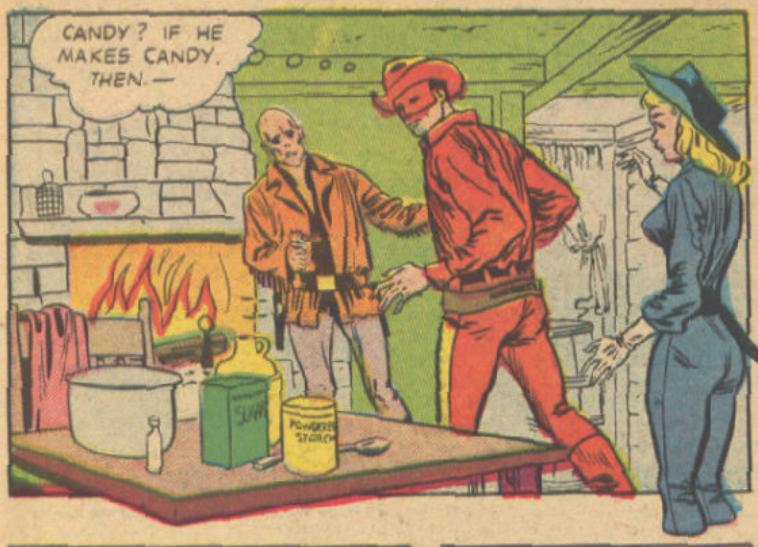

INSIDE THE CABIN—
REDMASK!

SKULLHEAD LAID A TRAP. I STEPPED INTO IT!
I GUESSED AS MUCH— BUT DON'T TALK NOW! I WANT TO GET YOU OUT AND TO SAFETY BEFORE I COME BACK AFTER THAT SKELETAL GENTLEMAN!


THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE TAKING HER IS TO A— GRAVE!
BLAM!

WE'RE TRAPPED!
WITHOUT A WEAPON TO FIGHT BACK!

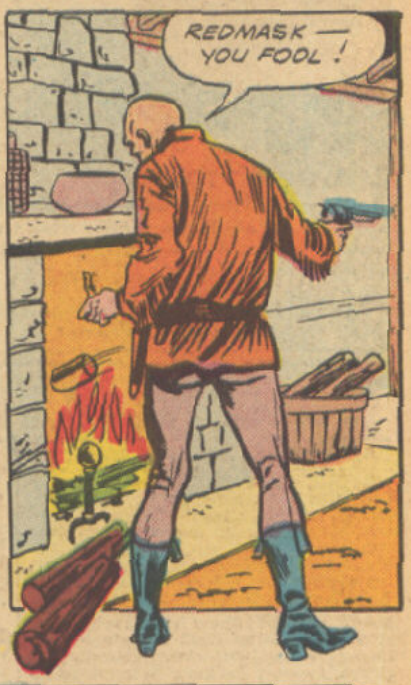

IT'S GOING TO BE A REAL PLEASURE, KILLING YOU TWO—ALMOST AS MUCH A PLEASURE AS EATING ONE OF MY OWN CANDIES! A HOBBY OF MINE, YOU KNOW, MAKING CANDY...


CANDY? IF HE MAKES CANDY, THEN.—
SUGAR
POWDERED STARCH

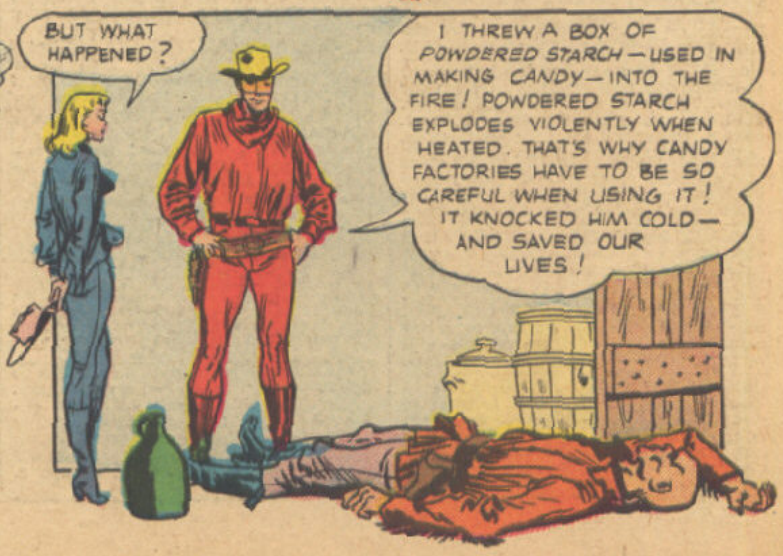
YES, SIR— CHEW-CHEW— THIS IS A REAL PLEASURE. ONLY THING THAT BOTHERS ME IS— WHICH OF YOU SHALL I KILL FIRST?

SUDDENLY REDMASK WHIRLS TOWARD THE KITCHEN TABLE! HIS HAND SHOOTS OUT—
WHAT I WANT HAS TO BE HERE...AH, YES!

HE LIFTS AND HURLS A BOX TOWARD THE FIRE-PLACE FLAMES...
POWDERED STARCH


REDMASK— YOU FOOL!

BAARROOMM!


BUT WHAT HAPPENED?
I THREW A BOX OF POWDERED STARCH—USED IN MAKING CANDY—INTO THE FIRE! POWDERED STARCH EXPLODES VIOLENTLY WHEN HEATED. THAT'S WHY CANDY FACTORIES HAVE TO BE SO CAREFUL WHEN USING IT! IT KNOCKED HIM COLD— AND SAVED OUR LIVES!

$AVE $100.00 Quickly and Easily with this Automatic DATE & AMOUNT BANK

25c a day Keeps Calendar Up-to-date Also Totals Amount Saved!

How would you like to save almost $100.00 a year in quarters without ever missing them? Would you like to have money for Christmas or birthday gifts, appliances, clothes, vacations, children's education, or just for a rainy day? Most people never get around to saving, but now, with the new miracle Banclok Date and Amount Bank, it's fun to save a quarter *every* day — and how it mounts up!

What's more, Banclok also totals the amount you save. Can be used year after year.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS: Banclok *forces* you to save because it is not just an ordinary bank — it's a *perpetual* calendar, too. Every time you put in a quarter the automatic calendar changes the date.

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Rush me _____ Banclok Date and Amount Banks for 10-day trial. I'll pay postman $1.98 each plus C.O.D. postage (Money-Back Guarantee).

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☐ SAVE C.O.D. and POSTAGE CHARGES

Check here if enclosing full payment with this coupon. Then we pay all shipping charges for you. (Same 10-day trial and Money-Back Guarantee.)

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ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orion. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment FREE. State your age. HOOVER, Dept. A-120, New York 11, N. Y.

MAKE MONEY! Show friends sensational $1.00 Greeting Card Assortment for birthdays, anniversaries, get-well, etc. A year's supply for average family. Also exciting All-in-Fun comic assortment. Samples on approval. Wallace Brown, 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. K-96, New York 10, N. Y.

FREE! Let me send you (f.o.b. factory) food and household products to test in your home. Tell your friends, make money. Rush your name and age. ZANOL, Dept. 6053-A, Richmond St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AMAZING EXTRA MONEY PLAN gives you gorgeous dress without penny cost. Rush name today, with dress size. HARFORD, Dept. L-2180, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

SPARE TIME MONEY plus NEW CAR as encouragement bonus. Amazing 60 gauge nylons, 3 pr. guaranteed 3 mos. Write to WILKNIT, A-7741 Midway, Greenfield, O.

STRANGE "DRY" WINDOW CLEANER sells like wild. Replaces messy rags, liquids. Simply glide over glass. Samples sent on trial. KRISTEE, Dept. 90, Akron, Ohio.

SELL MIRACLE ORLON Embroidered Work Uniforms! Looks, feels, tailors like wool; wears 3 times longer. Outwears cotton 5 to 1. Acid-proof, grease-resistant. Washes perfectly pressed. Amazing profits. Outfit FREE. TOPPS, Dept. 871, Rochester, Indiana.

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MAKE MONEY INTRODUCING world's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. HARFORD, Dept. L-2394, Cincinnati, O.

MANUFACTURER—Wants reliable MEN—WOMEN for Profitable Mail Order work. Home. Sparetime. Write LIEBIG INDUSTRIES, Beaver Dam 20, Wis.

GET EXTRA SPENDING MONEY quick and easy, in spare time! Show neighbors gorgeous new greeting card assortments. Year's supply for birthdays, all occasions, at bargain. Everybody buys. Pays you big profits. Experience unnecessary. FREE Stationery Samples; Assortments on approval. STUART GREETINGS, 325 Randolph St., Dept. 607, Chicago 6, Ill.

PHOTO FINISHING

12 JUMBOS 35¢, 8 JUMBOS 25¢, 16 JUMBOS 50¢ from roll or negatives with this ad. C. G. SKRUDLAND, Lake Geneva, Wis.

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BORROWING BY MAIL. Loans $50 to $600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. K-74, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

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SEW OUR REDI-CUT HANDY-HANKY aprons at home. Easy, Profitable. A & B Enterprises, 2516 N. Albert Pike, Ft. Smith, Arkansas.

ADDRESS ADVERTISING Postcards. Must have good handwriting. Lindo, Watertown, Massachusetts.

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CATALOG OF 3200 NOVELTIES, JOKERS, TRICKS, Funmakers, Magic Gadgets, Timesavers, Hobbies, Models, Guns, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, Cameras, Optical Goods, etc. Send 10¢ to JOHNSON SMITH CO., Dept. 712, Detroit 7, Mich.

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MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME! Invisibly reweave damaged garments. Details Free. Fabricon, 8332-A S. Prairie, Chicago, Ill.

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OUTDOOR TOILETS, CESSPOOLS, SEPTIC TANKS cleaned and deodorized with amazing new product. Just mix dry Powder with water; pour into toilet. Safe, no poisons. Save digging, pumping costs. Postcard brings FREE details. BURSON LABORATORIES, Dept. 0-91, Chicago 22, Illinois.

WHOLESALE CATALOGUE

BE A JOBBER—make big money. Draw from our 250,000 stock of toys, novelties, appliances, jewelry, religious goods, nationally-advertised wrist watches—hundreds of others. Get jobber discounts even in small quantities. Profits over 100%! Write for FREE catalog. Modern Merchandise, Dept. CBC, 169 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

THE GHOST RIDER

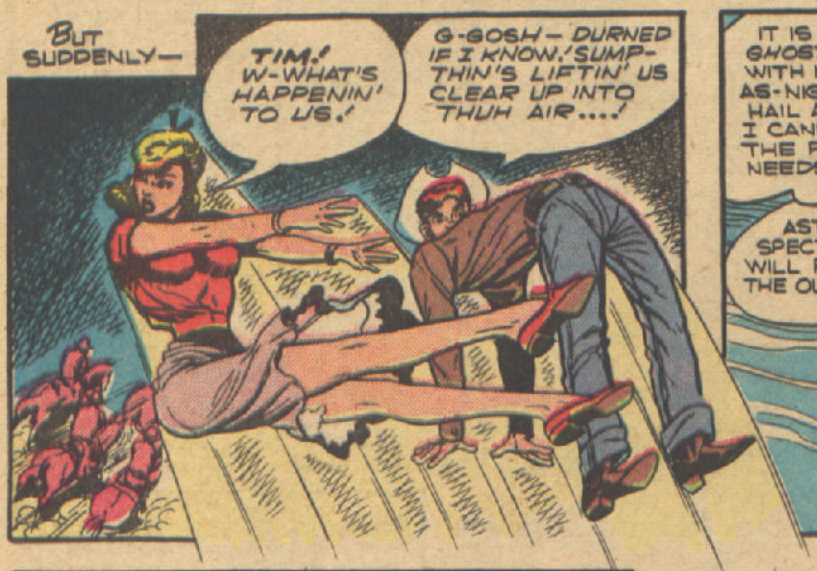
RED-HEADED, HOT-HEADED, AND SIZZLING WITH A MILLION WILD SCHEMES—THIS BOY WAS ***DYNAMITE!*** HE WAS FOOT-LOOSE AND HARE-BRAINED, AND ***TROUBLE*** WAS HIS SIAMESE TWIN...! BUT WHEN HE DREAMED UP THIS WILDEST SCHEME OF ALL, ***DEATH*** SWOOPED DOWN TO EDGE *TROUBLE* OVER—BECAUSE NOW THE BOY WAS YEARNING TO BE ....

"The Ghost Rider's APPRENTICE!"

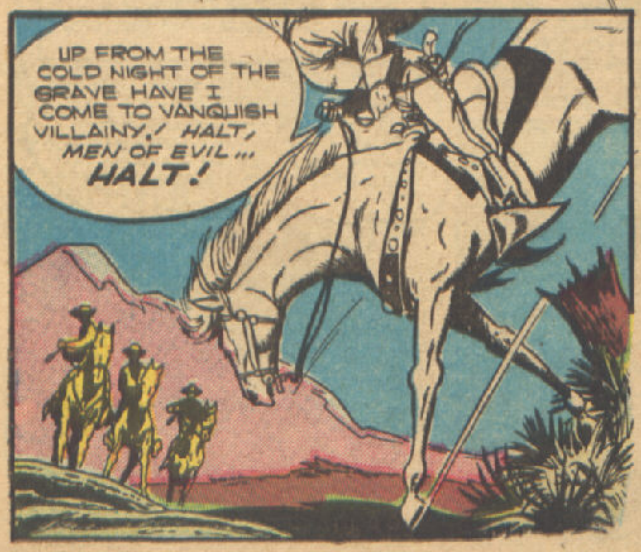
YEG SIREE, CHANCES ARE I'LL WIND UP WITH MORE'N A MILLION HEAD OF CATTLE. I'LL OWN—
TIM, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE— SHUT UP! IF WE DON'T DO SUMPTHIN' FAST, WE'RE GOING TO BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH!

TIM WHIRLS TO SEE BEARING DOWN ON THEM WITH THUNDERING HOOFS — A PASSEL OF MOUNTED OWLHOOTS CHASED BY A FIRE-EATING POSSE!
YII!

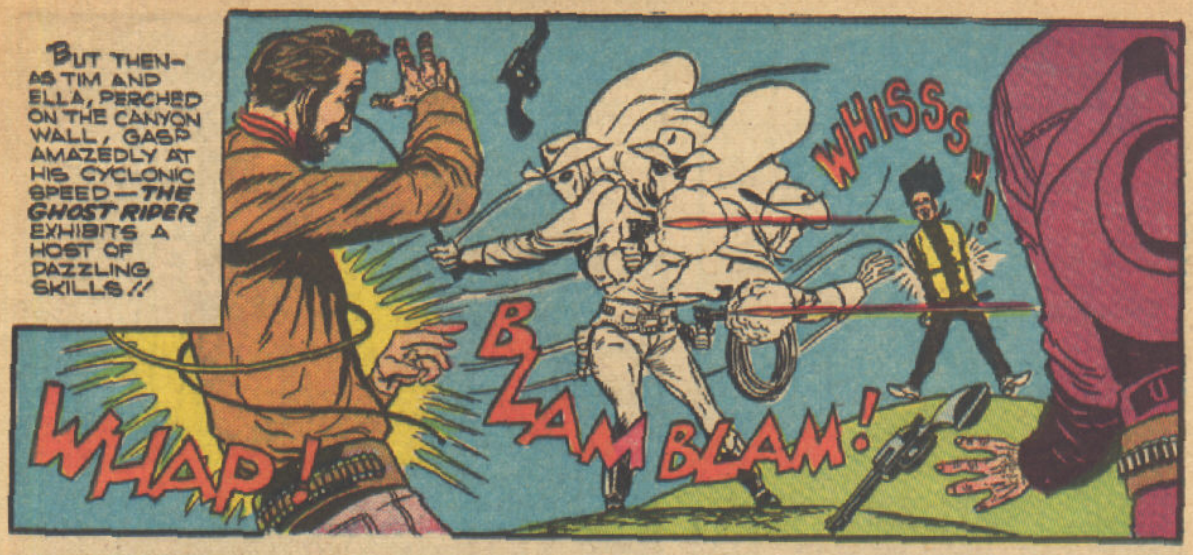
LOOKIT THOSE YOUNG-UNS RIGHT IN OUR PATH!
IF WE PULL OVER AS MUCH AS AN INCH, THUH POSSE'LL CATCH UP TO US... NOBODY PULL REIN! RIDE RIGHT OVER THEM!

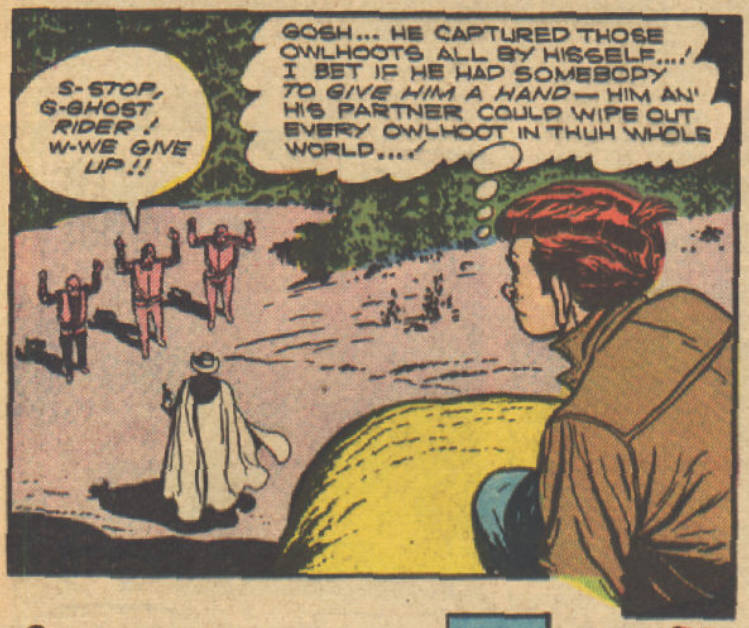

BUT SUDDENLY—
TIM! W-WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO US!
G-GOSH— DURNED IF I KNOW! SUMPTHIN'S LIFTIN' US CLEAR UP INTO THUH AIR....!

IT IS I, THE GHOST RIDER, WITH MY BLACK-AS-NIGHT LARIAT! HAIL AND FAREWELL...! I CANNOT TARRY— THE POSSE NEEDS HELP!
ASTRIDE SPECTRE I WILL PURSUE THE OUTLAWS!


UP FROM THE COLD NIGHT OF THE GRAVE HAVE I COME TO VANQUISH VILLAINY! HALT, MEN OF EVIL... HALT!

BUT SPECTRE STUMBLES—!
THUH GHOST RIDER'S DOWN! HERE OUR CHANCE TO PERCOLATE HIM GOOD AN' PROPER!
ONCE I GOT A BEAD ON A MAN, I NEVER MISSED YET— AN' I GOT A BEAD ON THUH GHOST RIDER RIGHT NOW!


BUT THEN— AS TIM AND ELLA, PERCHED ON THE CANYON WALL, GASP AMAZEDLY AT HIS CYCLONIC SPEED—THE GHOST RIDER EXHIBITS A HOST OF DAZZLING SKILLS!!
WHISSS!
WHAP!
BLAM BLAM!


S-STOP, G-GHOST RIDER! W-WE GIVE UP!!
GOSH... HE CAPTURED THOSE OWLHOOTS ALL BY HISSELF...! I BET IF HE HAD SOMEBODY TO GIVE HIM A HAND—HIM AN' HIS PARTNER COULD WIPE OUT EVERY OWLHOOT IN THUH WHOLE WORLD...!

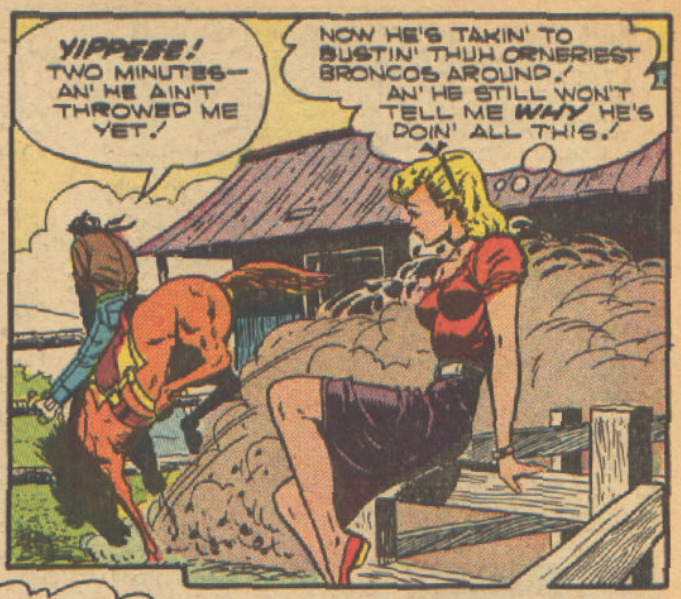
AN' I KNOW JUST THUH ONE TO GIVE HIM THET HAND—ME!
TIM—WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

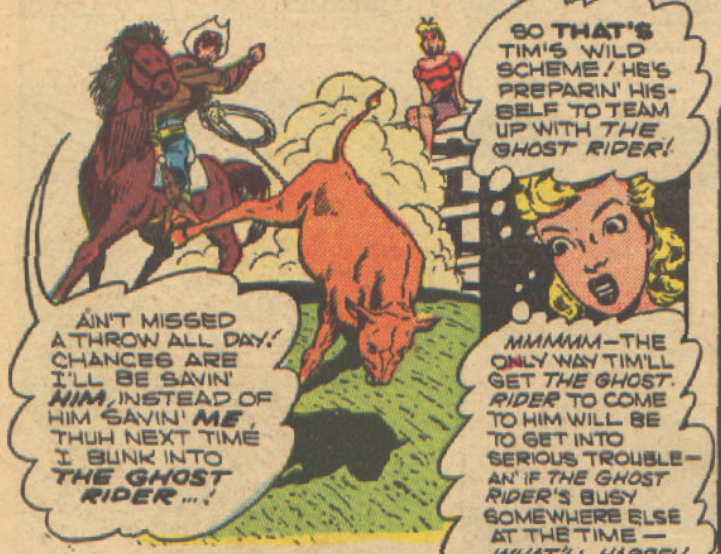
BUT BEFORE TIM CAN MAKE HIS QUIXOTIC PROPOSITION TO THE GHOST RIDER—
AH, THE POSSE...! HERE ARE THE VILLAINS YOU WERE PURSUING, SHERIFF! THEY ARE TAMED AND EAGER FOR JAIL.... AND NOW I MUST RETURN TO THE GRAVE!

A SMOKE-BOMB, A QUICK CAPE REVERSAL FROM WHITE TO BLACK—AND I HAVE EFFECTED ANOTHER OF MY SPECTRAL DISAPPEARANCES...

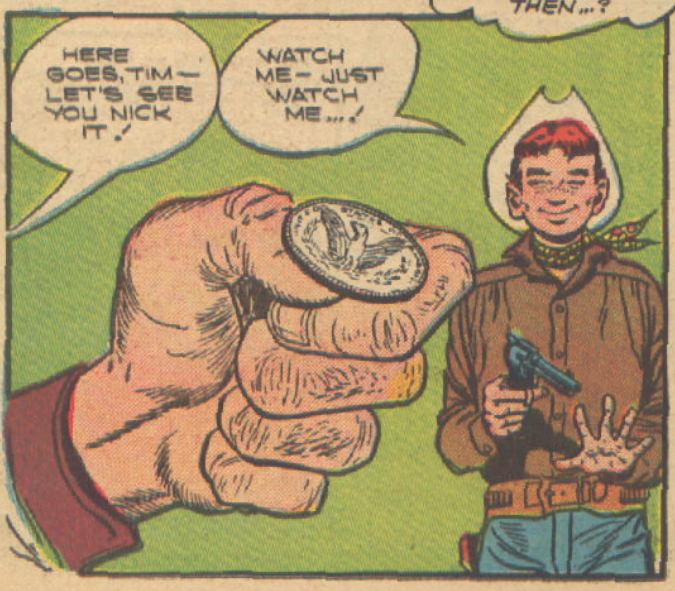
HE'S GONE—HE SPOOKED-OUT INTO THIN AIR BEFORE I COULD ASK HIM TO TAKE ME ON AS HIS PARTNER....!
TIM'S DREAMED UP SOME NEW WILD SCHEME, I CAN TELL BY THE GLEAM IN HIS EYE! I HOPE IT'S NOTHIN' CRAZIER THAN USUAL...

SO TIM STAYS ON IN THE TERRITORY—BUT IN STAYING, ACTS MORE STRANGELY THAN EVER.!
TIM, HOW COME YOU'RE SPENDIN' SO MUCH TIME PRACTISIN' WITH YORE GUN?
IT'S A SECRET, ELLA. ALL I'LL SAY IS THET I'M PREPARIN' MYSELF FOR SOMETHIN' BIGGER AN' MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANYTHIN' I EVER DREAMED OF BEFORE...!


YIPPEEE! TWO MINUTES—AN' HE AIN'T THROWED ME YET.!
NOW HE'S TAKIN' TO BUSTIN' THUH ORNERIEST BRONCOS AROUND.! AN' HE STILL WON'T TELL ME WAY HE'S DOIN' ALL THIS.!


SO THAT'S TIM'S WILD SCHEME! HE'S PREPARIN' HIS-BELF TO TEAM UP WITH THE GHOST RIDER!
AIN'T MISSED A THROW ALL DAY.! CHANCES ARE I'LL BE SAVIN' HIM, INSTEAD OF HIM SAVIN' ME, THUH NEXT TIME I BUNK INTO THE GHOST RIDER...!
MMMMM—THE ONLY WAY TIM'LL GET THE GHOST RIDER TO COME TO HIM WILL BE TO GET INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE—AN' IF THE GHOST RIDER'S BUSY SOMEWHERE ELSE AT THE TIME—WHAT'LL HAPPEN THEN...?

EXACTLY AS ELLA FEARED, TIM GETS INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE A FEW WEEKS LATER—AND THE GHOST RIDER ISN'T AROUND.!
HOTEL
HOW'S THAT FOR SHOOTIN', EH? ANYBODY HERE EVER SEE THUH LIKES OF IT BEFORE? NOW SOMEBODY WANT TO TOSS A COIN UP INTO THUH AIR?

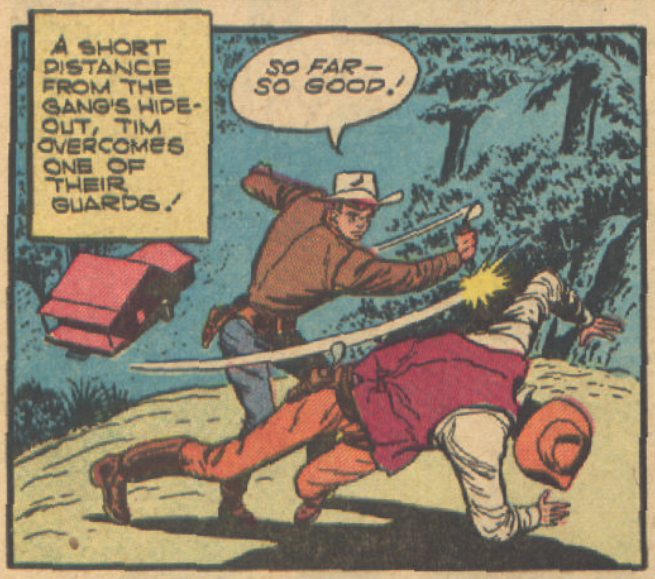

HERE GOES, TIM—LET'S SEE YOU NICK IT.!
WATCH ME—JUST WATCH ME...!

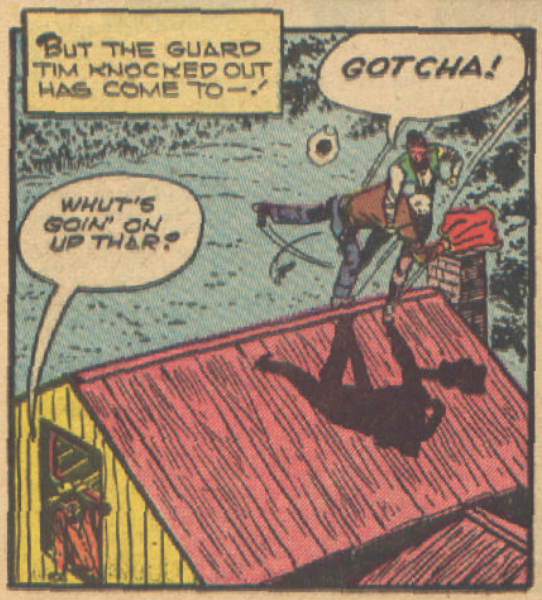
BUT BEFORE TIM CAN SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER—
OWW! W-WHO'S THET SHOT THUH GUN OUTTA MUH HAND?!?
BLAM!

TIM'S ASSAILANT IS BART BAILEY, A FAST-DRAWING OWLHOOT WHO IS JEALOUS OF ALL THE ATTENTION TIM'S FANCY SHOOTING HAS BEEN ATTRACTING!
ME! GONNA DO SUMPTHIN' ABOUT IT, SONNY BOY?
TIM'S TEMPER IS AS RED HOT AS THE THATCH OF HAIR ON TOP OF HIS HEAD. HE RUSHES FORWARD....
... ONLY TO BE FLUNG CONTEMPTUOUSLY ASIDE BY BAILEY WHO OUTWEIGHTS HIM BY MORE THAN FIFTY POUNDS!
NOBODY RUSHES BART BAILEY AND LIVES TO TELL THUH TALE....!
AT THAT MOMENT—
LAY OFF THAT BOY!
GIT YORE HANDS OFF MY NECK, FURY! I DON'T LIKE TO BE PAWED BY FEDERAL MARSHALS!
JUST AS YOU SAY... DOES IT SUIT YOU MORE NOW THAT MY HAND'S SHIFTED TO YOUR JAW?!
THANKS, MARSHAL— YUH SURE CAME IN HANDY THEN! I WOULDN'T MIND TEAMIN' UP WITH YOU IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY HEART SET ON WORKIN' WITH THE GHOST RIDER!
THIS BOY WILL BEAR WATCHING. HE LOOKS THE TYPE THAT HAS TO DO EVERYTHING THE HARD WAY....!
HOTEL
AFTER REX FURY LEAVES, ELLA COMES RIDING UP, SCARED AND ANGRY BECAUSE TIM HAS ALMOST GOT HIMSELF KILLED!
OH, TIM, WHEN WILL YUH EVER GIT ALL THIS FOOLISHNESS OUT OF YORE HEAD?
SHHH, ELLA— LOOK WHAT DROPPED FROM BAILEY'S POCKET— A MAP SHOWIN' THUH HIDEOUT OF THE RUNNIN' BLOOD GANG! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CONTACT THUH GHOST RIDER— AN' HIM AN' ME TOGETHER WILL CLEAN UP THUH WORST PASSEL OF CUTTHROATS IN THUH WHOLE WEST....!

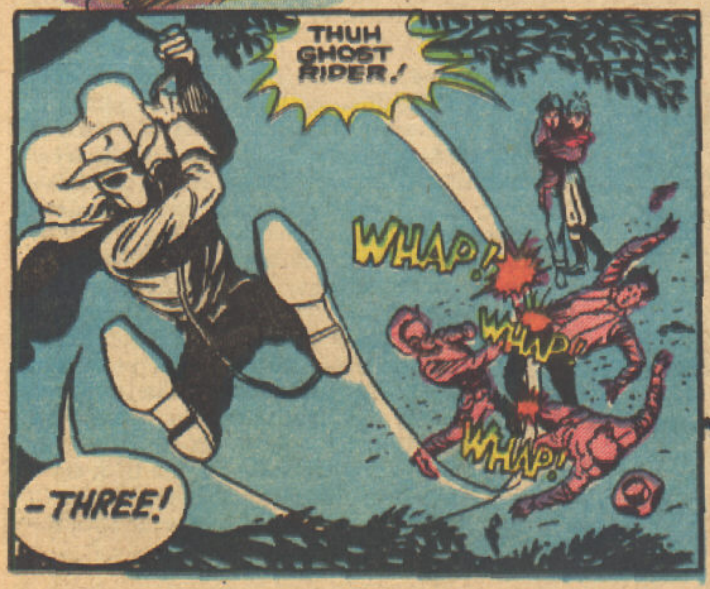
A SECOND LATER, ELLA IS SORRY SHE EVER SAID THOSE WORDS! FOR TIM'S FACE HAS TURNED THE COLOR OF MOIST PLASTER...!

THAT NIGHT, TIM SETS OUT ON HIS OWN.





NOW TIM IS A PRISONER — AND IT LOOKS AS IF HE WILL HAVE TO CONTACT THE GHOST RIDER THE HARD WAY!



THE GHOST RIDER TIES THE OWLHOOTS UP AND HERDS THEM TO TOWN AND THE LOCAL SHERIFF....

LUCKY THAT IN MY NATURAL GUISE AS REX FURY, I SPOTTED THIS BOY AS A TROUBLE-HUNTER! THAT'S WHY I TRAILED HIM TONIGHT! HMMMMM... I BETTER CLEAR UP RIGHT NOW THIS MATTER OF HIS WANTING TO TEAM UP WITH ME!

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE, YOUNG MAN?

THEY'RE MIGHTY DIFFERENT PLANS FROM WHAT THEY WERE TEN MINUTES AGO... I'VE MADE UP MY MIND ONCE AND FOR ALL... IT'S BETTER TO BE A LIVE FEDERAL MARSHAL LIKE REX FURY, THAN A GHOST... NO OFFENSE MEANT... LIKE YOU...!

REDMASK'S CAVE

Dear Boys and Girls:

Please keep writing! We are unable to print all *your letters* but we will answer them. If you do not find your question answered, it may be because it has already been answered in a previous issue. But look for your name in these pages!

TO: David Younts, Pendleton, Indiana; Mary Murdock, Peterborough, Ontario; Helen Pena, Hayward, California; Patsy Moull, Kingsport, Tennessee; Terry Grootuis, Lansing, Michigan; Peggy Armel, Vienna, West Virginia; Billy Rowton, San Antonio, Texas; Georgia Ruth Ray, Orlando, Florida; Marjorie Schwartz, Teaneck, New Jersey; Ronald Hostonick, Venetia, Pa.; Jonathan Morris, Mobile, Alabama; Connie Hughes, Custer City, Okla.; Dana Waters, Ida, La.; Barbara Neeley, Holland, Missouri; Dean Wirth, Peru, Illinois; Eleanor Gailmard, Beltsville, Md.

There are a number of good books dealing with horses. Frank Dobie has done several, as well as Will James. For riding gear and equipment, see "Trail Dust and Saddle Leather" by Jo Mora, also "The Cowboy Encyclopedia". Your librarian will be glad to secure these books for you.

My horse is Wrangler. My former horse, a palomino, was Lightning. After Lightning, I had a roan called Sun Dance. Sun Dance broke a leg and, unfortunately, had to be destroyed.

A palomino is NOT a white horse. It is a soft gold color with silver mane and tail. There are also pinto ponies, but no pinto cows. "Bronc" is simply a term applied to horses by cowboys. A "cayuse" is also such a term, though it originated through the Cayuse Indians of the northwest. A stallion is a male horse. A mustang is a wild horse. It is derived from "mestano," Mexican for "mountain-born."

A roan horse is usually reddish in color, but it may also be blue.

A "cow pony" is a horse that had been trained to "cut out" cattle, work with a roper, and stand with lariat dallied around the saddle-horn.

TO: Robert Lindsay, Charleston, West Va.

"Bust 'em" is slang for "break them" — meaning, of course, the wild spirit in a mustang. Cowboys often sit on the corral fence yelling to the wrangler (the man employed by a ranch to tame horses) to "bust 'em!"

TO: Ralph Roberts, Lancaster, Pa.

A caboose is that small, last car on a railroad freight train, in which the railroad men keep their gear and equipment.

TO: Rick Blair, New Martinsville, West Va.; Priscilla Sanchez, Fort Morgan, Colo.; Richard Uhlman, Parkersburg, West Va.; Enid Anderson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

"Fool's gold" is iron pyrites. To tell the difference between them and real gold, throw them into a fire. Real gold will stay yellow, but the "fool's gold" will turn black. Gold "dust" is powdery gold comprised of very tiny nuggets. "Nuggets" of gold are small pieces of gold, shaped like bits of rock or stone.

TO: Danny Poor, Ridgewood, N. J.

Saddlebags were tied to the saddle by long strips of leather attached to conchas and called "ties". Some saddlebags, or pockets, were hung behind the cantle, fastened to the back jockey of the saddle.

TO: Barbara Mertes, Highland, N. Y.

The sheriff in a western town did not hang people, as a general rule. His duty was to arrest criminals and turn them over to a judge and jury for a fair trial. The hanging function is usually carried out by a public executioner. In the towns where there was no such appointed official, a sheriff could hang a man if so ordered by the court.

TO: Bobbie Bryan, Half Moon Bay, California; Peggy Welch, Tolleson, Ariz.; Jerry Williams, Des Moines, Iowa; Donna Bertelin, Trenton, N. J.; Sammie Folk, Naperville, Ill.; Tommy McAdams, McIntyre, Ga.; Jeannette Storey, Rome, N. Y.; Robert Magee, Orange, N. J.

The thunderbird in Indian design represented a fabled creature believed by the Indians to fly high in the air, and the sound of its wings caused thunder. The initials a.n.c. on the front of Tim Holt comics stand for the American News Company. A good book for all you Indian enthusiasts is "Fighting Indians of the West" by Martin Schmitt. Your library will no doubt have a copy for you to look at. Straight Arrow was a Comanche warchief. The Comanches wore the deerskin leggins and jackets and breechclouts, greatly similar to those worn by other Indians of the great plains. They did not wear the feathered headdress; only the Sioux wore this, despite the movies. A dictionary of the Sioux language may possibly be secured by writing to the U. S. Government, Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C. However, there are a few written records of the

plains Indians. They did not possess a written language as such, just picture art. Geronimo was captured by the U.S. Army and sent to an Indian reservation.

The Sioux are divided into these clans: Hunkpapa, Oglalla, Oohenonpah, Miniconjou, Sihasapa, Sans arc, Brule, Teton, Yankton, Yanktonai, Sisseton, Wahpeton, Wahpekute, and Medwakanton. The latter five were eastern Sioux, the next two were middle country (Minnesota), and the first eight were plains Sioux.

The Comanches were called the "horsemen of the plains" because they were the finest riders of the plains: for that matter, the best horsemen in the whole world!

To tell you about the Navajos and Cheyennes would take a couple of books! You can read "The Fighting Cheyennes," by Grinnel, in your local library, and see also, the "Fighting Indians of the West," mentioned above.

TO: J. R. Dawson, Jr., Washington, D. C.; Robert Jarrett, Springfield, Mass.; Thomas Bogue, Mystic, Conn.; James S. Hainline, Macomb, Ill.

Probably the two most famous outlaws of the west were Billy the Kid and Jesse James. The Colt revolver, used by these badmen, was invented by Samuel Colt. The Peacemaker model was the Colt gun usually carried by sheriffs and badmen. Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, and Billy Tilghman were the most famous sheriffs.

Tim Holt and Redmask carry a Colt, Peacemaker model.

The cavalry carried Colt revolvers as part of their equipment.

Belle Starr was one of the most famous women outlaws.

TO: James Rogowski, East Hartford, Conn.

A "necktie party" is a hanging, usually informal. (That is, without benefit of court and jury.)

TO: Monty Montgomery, Delhi, Louisiana; Allan Unger, Torrington, Conn.; Larry Crandell, North Platte, Nebraska; Marcus Norton, Memphis, Tenn.; John Shepard, Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Jackie Jones, Austin, Texas; Joe Pitt, Farboro, N. C.

The "deerskin" slung under a chuckwagon is a "cooney," and is more often made of cowhide. In it, the "cookie" collects firewood and chips from the plains with which to make his fire. The food eaten by cowboys at these chuckwagons on their trail drives was mostly beans, bacon, beef, biscuits and coffee.

A "maverick" is an unbranded calf. In the past, such unbranded calves were the occasion for a cattle war. A cow or calf without a brand is supposed to be the property of anyone who can slap a brand on him. The "dogie" of the song, in the song, "Get Along, Little Dogie" is an orphaned calf.

A "longhorn" was a brand of cattle from Texas that was very tough. It could go on long trail drives without losing too much meat. Since the cattle-dealers paid according to the weight of the cattle, this was an important item. Later, when the railroads were built, cattle did not have to travel so far to market, and ranchers raised Herefords and Durhams instead of Longhorns.

Cattle are nervous animals when off their home range. Bad weather, a slapping slicker, or an unusual sound could send them off in a stampede. As veteran cowboys said, there was no "sense" to it. Cattle were just contrary by nature!

Buckboards were light wagons used to bring guests to the ranch, or for members of the family to go visiting. Covered wagons are not used today out west, except to make movies, or in some very isolated cases. They are usually found only in western museums.

The best way to ride a bucking bronco is to get in the saddle and hang on, no matter how! There is no set technique for this. Strength, courage and a firm grip in the kak are a man's best friends at such a time.

Tim Holt has a ranch, and cattle. He also has his own rodeo show, on which he travels during the rodeo season.

TO: Jimmie Phelps, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

People left towns, which thus became "ghost towns," because the gold or copper or silver, or whatever it was that caused the town to be built in the first place, petered out. Usually the town's population moved on to the next spot where a "strike" was located. Wild Bill Hickok is generally conceded to be the fastest man with a gun ever known, and the most accurate shot.

TO many boys and girls who sent in letters:

There is no Redmask suit on the market as of this date. If the publishers decide to market such a suit, an announcement will be made in this magazine. However, you CAN get a Ghost Rider mask that glows in the dark by sending one dollar to

COMPIX, 10 MURRAY ST. NEW YORK 7, N.Y.

with your name and address.

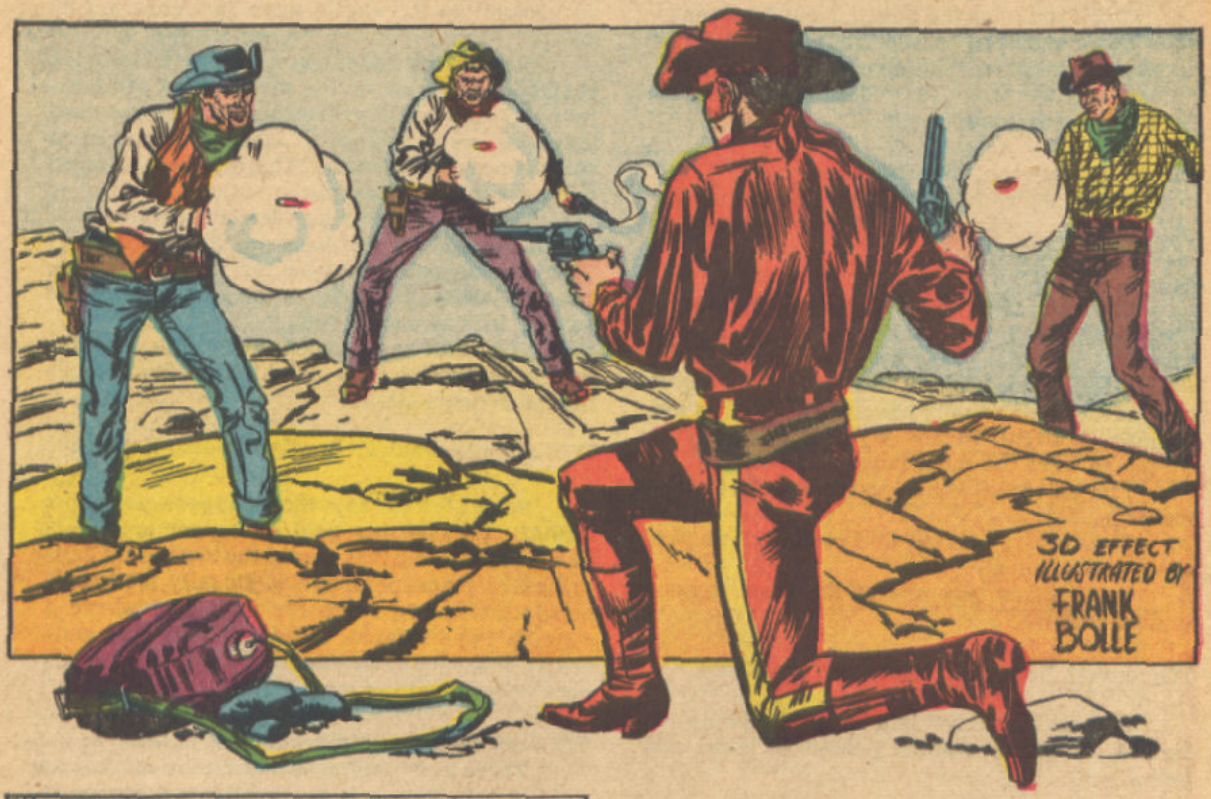
(If you are in a hurry for some information, or want a personal answer, please send in a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

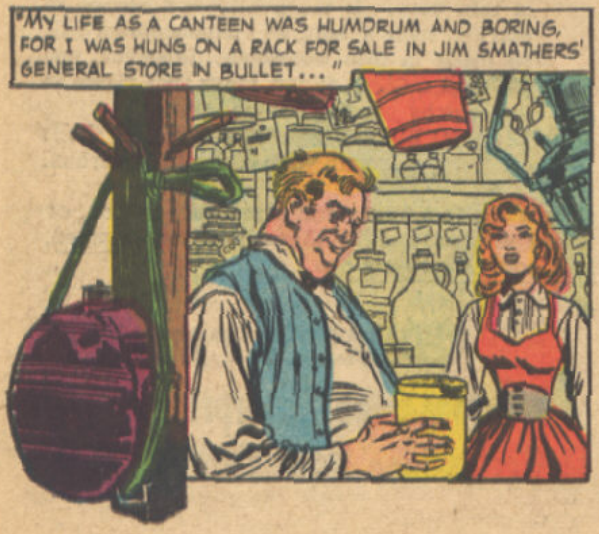
REDMASK'S CAVE
%Magazine Enterprises
11 Park Place New York 7, N.Y.

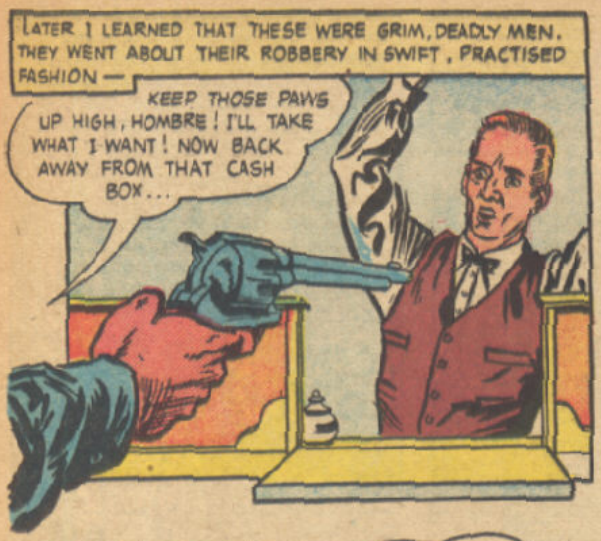
Tim HOLT

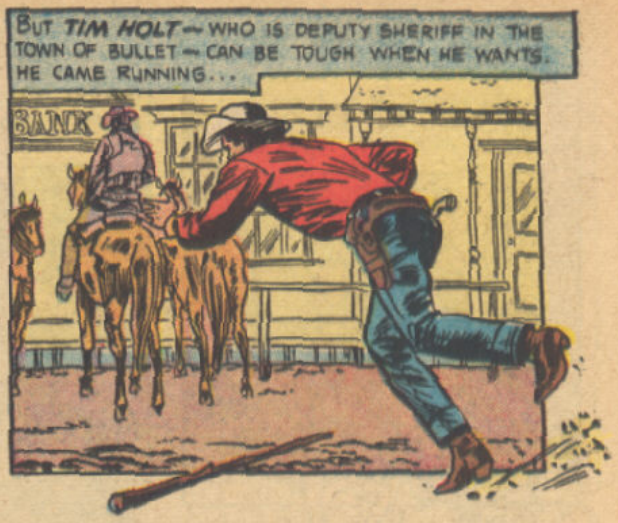
"FATE PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS ON THE MEN WHO RIDE THE WESTERN WASTES, BUT NO JOKE WAS MORE UNUSUAL THAN THE ONE IT PLAYED ON ME—A CANTEEN—AS IT INVOLVED ME AND **REDMASK** IN A DUEL WITH DEATH! FOR WHEN REDMASK TOOK UP THE CHASE OF A GANG OF BANK ROBBERS, HE NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND **ME** PLAYING A BIG PART IN HIS FIGHT WITH—

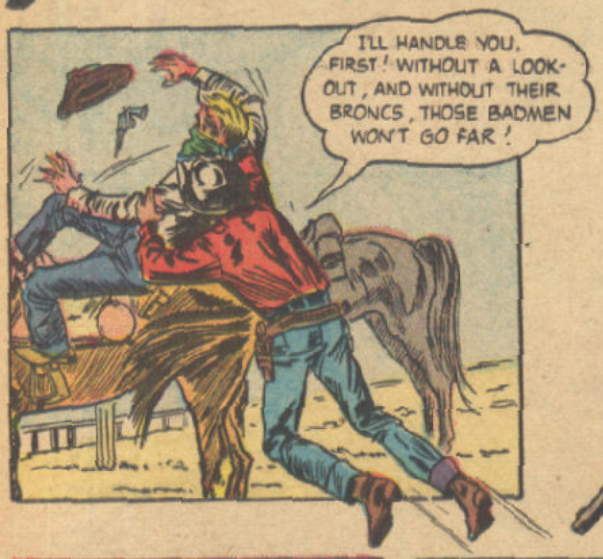
"THE DESERT ROBBERS!"

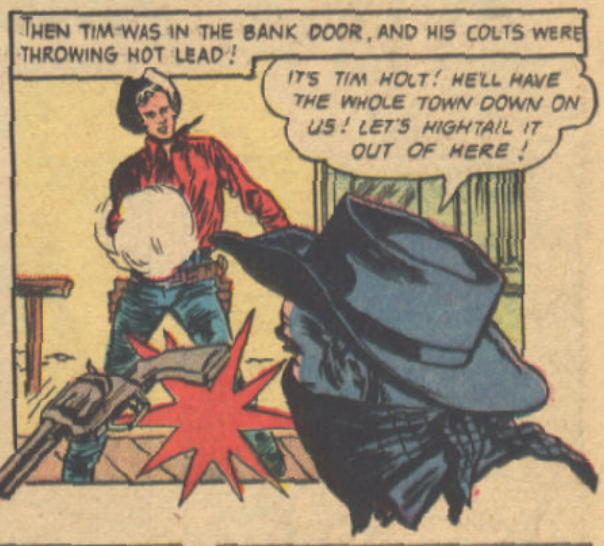




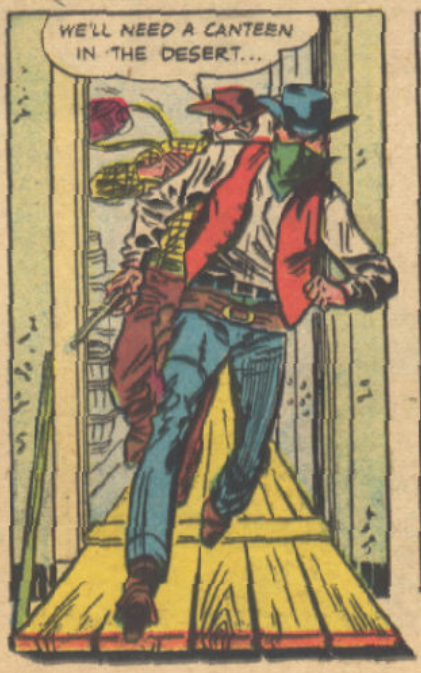

LATER I LEARNED THAT THESE WERE GRIM, DEADLY MEN. THEY WENT ABOUT THEIR ROBBERY IN SWIFT, PRACTISED FASHION —
KEEP THOSE PAWS UP HIGH, HOMBRE! I'LL TAKE WHAT I WANT! NOW BACK AWAY FROM THAT CASH BOX...


BUT TIM HOLT — WHO IS DEPUTY SHERIFF IN THE TOWN OF BULLET — CAN BE TOUGH WHEN HE WANTS. HE CAME RUNNING...
BANK


I'LL HANDLE YOU, FIRST! WITHOUT A LOOKOUT, AND WITHOUT THEIR BRONCS, THOSE BADMEN WON'T GO FAR!

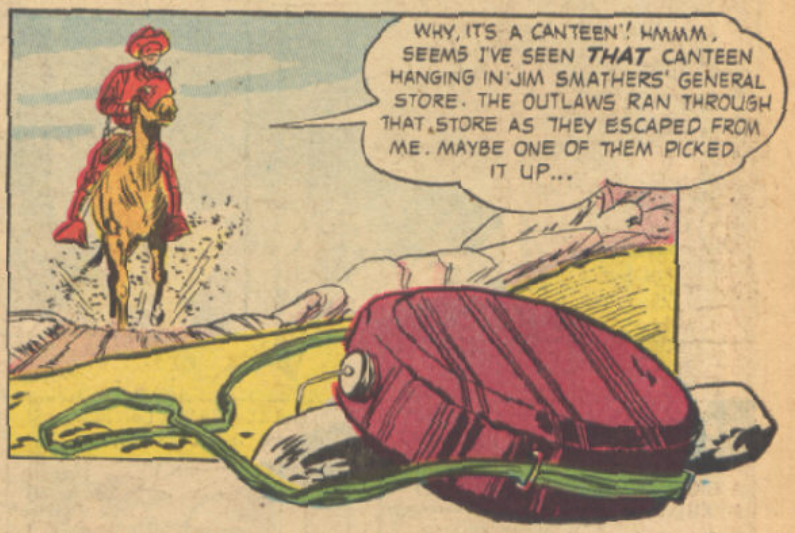

THEN TIM WAS IN THE BANK DOOR, AND HIS COLTS WERE THROWING HOT LEAD!
IT'S TIM HOLT! HE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE TOWN DOWN ON US! LET'S HIGHTAIL IT OUT OF HERE!

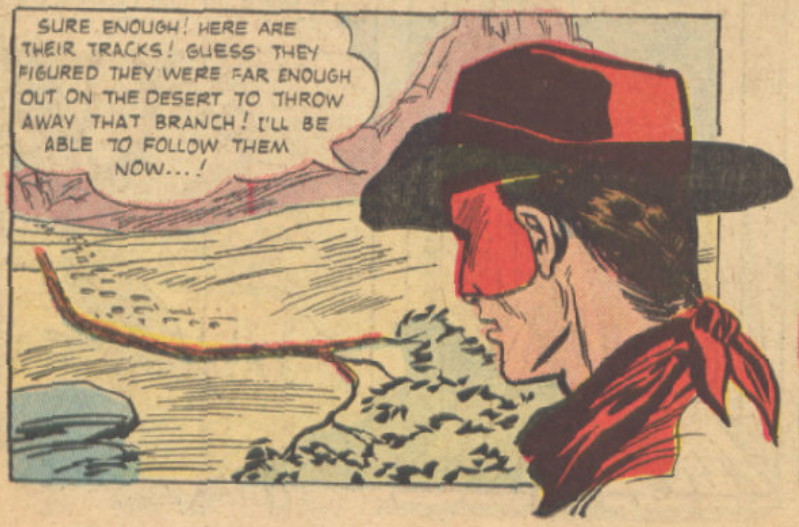
THEY RACED OUT THE BACK DOOR OF THE BANK AND DOWN AN ALLEYWAY. THEN THEY CUT IN THROUGH A STORE. IT WAS MY STORE THEY PICKED...
WE GOT TO GET HORSES! THAT DEPUTY GOT JEB AND OUR BRONCS!
WE'LL SHAKE HIM LOOSE IN THE DESERT IF HE FOLLOWS US!


WE'LL NEED A CANTEEN IN THE DESERT...

WITH STOLEN HORSES UNDER THEM, THE OWLHOOTS RODE FOR BIG OVEN DESERT. BEHIND THEM, TIM HOLT RODE HARD TO A LIGHTNING BLASTED TREE. DEEP IN THE GROUND, THERE WAS A CACHE. IN THAT CACHE WERE HIS REDMASK GARMENTS...

*EDITOR'S NOTE: A WATERSINK IS A STONE HOLLOW FED BY RAINS OR A HIDDEN SPRING.





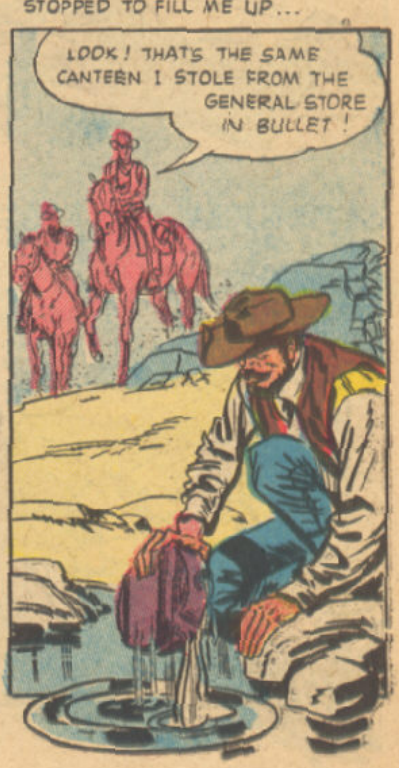
"MEANWHILE, REDMASK CAUGHT UP TO THE OUTLAWS—"
GET THEM UP!

I'LL GET THEM UP LIKE THIS— YIII!
PIINNG!

THEY'VE GOT ME PINNED DOWN! CAN'T MAKE A MOVE OR I'LL EAT HOT LEAD!

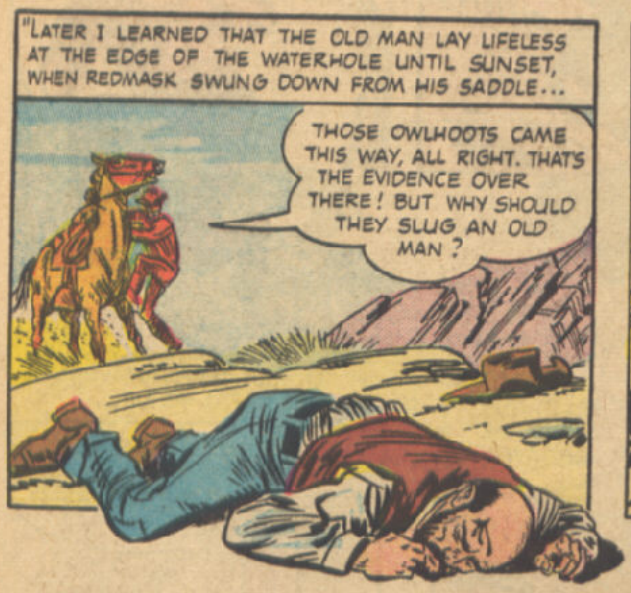
GOT YOU COVERED, REDMASK! I'LL— GGNNNGGG!

CLEM WAS CRAZY TO MAKE THAT PLAY FOR REDMASK!
AT LEAST HE GAVE US A CHANCE TO REACH OUR BRONCS AND GET AWAY!


"TOWARD SUNSET, AFTER CROSSING A STRETCH OF WHITE SALT FLATS, MY NEW—BUT TEMPORARY—OWNER STOPPED TO FILL ME UP...
LOOK! THAT'S THE SAME CANTEEN I STOLE FROM THE GENERAL STORE IN BULLET!

GET UP NICE AND SLOW, POP! WE GOT A LITTLE TRIP TO MAKE ACROSS THESE SALT FLATS AND THE DESERT BEYOND THEM!

SO WE'LL BE NEEDING THIS CANTEEN AGAIN!


"LATER I LEARNED THAT THE OLD MAN LAY LIFELESS AT THE EDGE OF THE WATERHOLE UNTIL SUNSET, WHEN REDMASK SWUNG DOWN FROM HIS SADDLE...
THOSE OWLHOOTS CAME THIS WAY, ALL RIGHT. THAT'S THE EVIDENCE OVER THERE! BUT WHY SHOULD THEY SLUG AN OLD MAN?

THEY WANTED MY CANTEEN... GOING ACROSS THE DESERT WITH IT.
DON'T TALK, OLD TIMER, YOUR HEAD IS BLEEDING!

IF I PLAY DOCTOR, IT MEANS THOSE OUTLAWS WILL GET AWAY— BUT IF I DON'T BANDAGE YOUR HEAD, YOU MAY DIE!
FOUND THE CANTEEN AND FILLED IT FROM THIS WATERHOLE. DAGNAB IT! I FIGURED I FOUND SOMETHING GOOD. INSTEAD, IT GOT ME THIS BANGED-UP HEAD!

WELL, THAT'S GOOD NEWS! I DON'T MEAN YOUR HEAD— I MEAN THAT CANTEEN! IT WILL BRING THOSE OWLHOOTS BACK HERE!— PUUMB FAST!
HUH?

TIM HOLT

"OUT ON THE DESERT...
HEY, DON'T DRINK ALL THAT WATER! SAVE ME A SWALLOW OR TWO!
BOY, THIS WATER SURE TASTES—

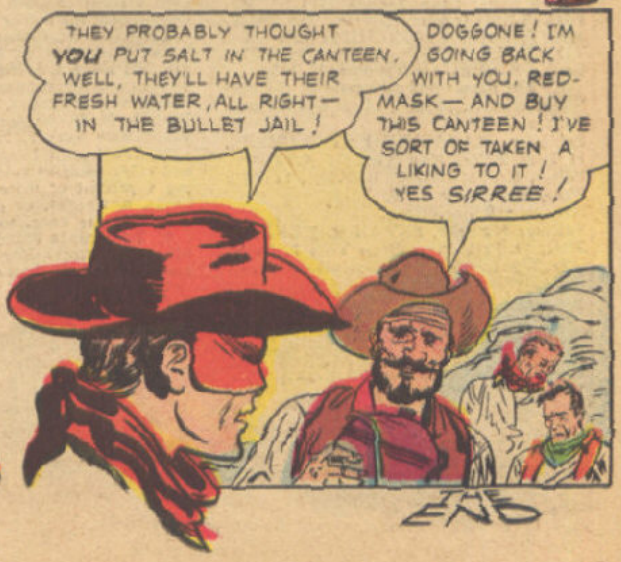
PTHWAAAH!
WHAT'S WRONG?

SALT WATER! THAT OLD PROSPECTOR MUST'VE SLIPPED SALT INTO HIS CANTEEN WHEN WE WEREN'T LOOKING!
EASE UP, JAKE. WE CAN FILL IT UP BACK AT THE WATER-HOLE WHERE WE LEFT THE OLD MAN! COME ON!

"LATER, AT THE WATERHOLE—"
YOU CAN FILL UP—WITH HOT LEAD! —UNLESS YOU FREEZE THE WAY YOU ARE!
HUH?

I KNEW YOU'D BE BACK SO I MADE SURE I WAS READY FOR YOU!

THIS PARTICULAR WATERHOLE IS SURROUNDED BY SALT FLATS! AND THAT SALT SEEPS INTO THE WATER!


THEY PROBABLY THOUGHT YOU PUT SALT IN THE CANTEEN. WELL, THEY'LL HAVE THEIR FRESH WATER, ALL RIGHT— IN THE BULLET JAIL!
DOGGONE! I'M GOING BACK WITH YOU, RED-MASK—AND BUY THIS CANTEEN! I'VE SORT OF TAKEN A LIKING TO IT! YES SIRREE!
THE END

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Address _____

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Occupation _____ *Age* _____

Amount you want to borrow $ _____

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF TIM HOLT, published bi-monthly at St. Louis, Missouri for October 1, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.
Editor, RAYMOND C. KRANK, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Manager, SARAH R. HENDERSON, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated *firm, its name and address,* as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) *None.*

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other *fiduciary relation,* the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the *affiant's full knowledge* and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of *September, 1953.*

THEODORE MARVIN,
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 03-7747800. Qualified in Bronx Co.
Certificates filed with Bronx & New York County Clerks & Reg.
Commission Expires March 30, 1954

GUNMEN AND SHERIFFS, CAVALRY AND INDIANS— THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO FIRST COME TO MIND WHEN WE THINK OF OUR OWN "WILD WEST". BUT GREATER THAN THESE MEN WHO LIVED FOR GOLD AND RICHES ARE THOSE WHOSE LIVES WERE DEDICATED TO THE SPIRIT, THOSE WHO FOUGHT THE GREATER FIGHT, THOSE WHO HELPED CARVE OUT A NICHE IN THE WEST—

For Heaven's Sake!

ONE OF THE GREATEST PRIESTS OF THE WEST WAS ***FRAY MIGUEL JOSÉ SERRA*** (MORE POPULARLY KNOWN AS ***JUNIPERO SERRA***) WHO HAS BEEN CALLED "THE FATHER OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS." BORN IN 1713, HE WAS THE MOTIVATING FORCE BEHIND THE BUILDING OF THESE MARVELOUS EDIFICES...

FROM 1769 TO 1823 MORE THAN 21 MISSIONS WERE BUILT IN CALIFORNIA BY THESE SERVANTS OF GOD— GREAT EDIFICES SUCH AS SAN LUIS OBISPO, SANTA YNEZ AND OTHERS...

THE STORIES OF THESE MISSION PRIESTS ABOUND IN COURAGE AND HEROISM. FRAY ANGEL SOMERA AND FRAY PIERRE CAMBRON WERE ABOUT TO BEGIN WORK ON THE MISSION OF SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL WHEN ATTACKED BY INDIANS...

ONE OF THE PRIESTS QUICKLY BENT AND LIFTED OUT A GREAT OIL PAINTING OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. AT SIGHT OF IT THE INDIANS BOWED LOW, DROPPED THEIR WEAPONS, AND BECAME CONVERTS!

ONE OF THE GREATEST MISSIONARIES OF THE FAR WEST WAS THE FAMED "PRIEST OF THE ROCKIES," FATHER DE SMETS. HE LABORED FOR CHRIST IN THE DAYS OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN...

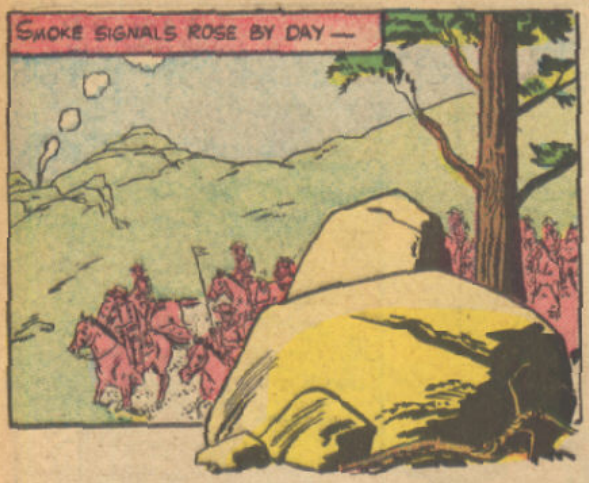
HIS LIFE WAS SPENT AMONG THE FIERCE BLACKFEET INDIANS. HE GAVE HIMSELF TO THIS TASK IN LIFE, LIKE HIS OTHER PRIESTLY BRETHREN, NOT FOR GOLD OR GLORY, BUT— FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

Tim HOLT

A BAND OF APACHES—AND A PISTOL-PACKING GIRL—ARE BOTH OUT TO KILL ***REDMASK!*** THIS IS THE DEADLY CHALLENGE HE FACES WHEN APACHE WAR CHIEF ***TALL FEATHER*** IS CAPTURED, AND THE U.S. CAVALRY SENDS *THE MASKED RIDER OF THE RIO GRANDE* ON A —

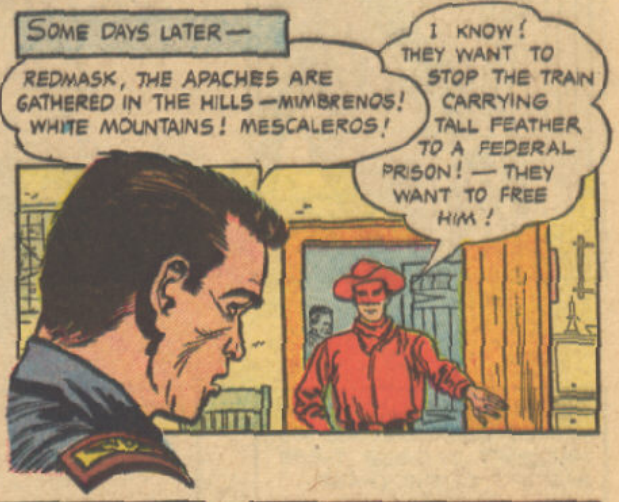
"RIDE AGAINST DEATH!"

BUT THE AUTHORITIES SOON FOUND THEY HAD CAUGHT A TIGER BY THE TAIL...

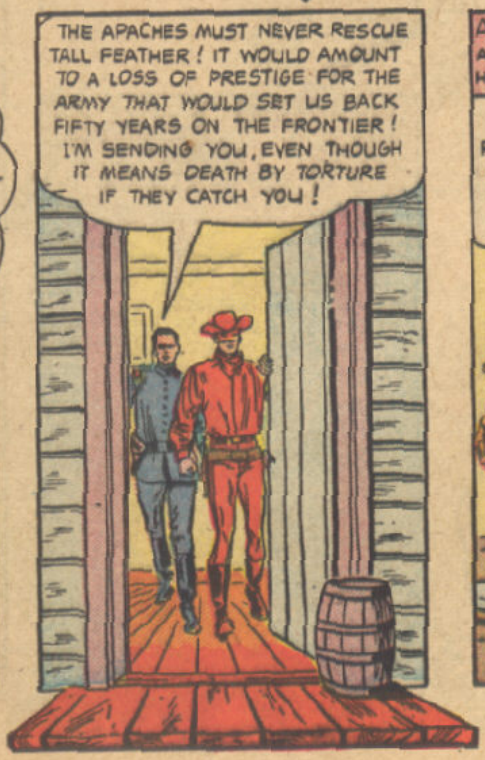

SMOKE SIGNALS ROSE BY DAY —

BY NIGHT, TISWIN* AND APACHE CAMPFIRES MADE THE DARKNESS ALIVE AND MENACING...
*TISWIN: AN INDIAN BREW

IN FORT DANGER, COLONEL DEEGAN REALIZES THAT HE FACES A THREAT THAT MAY ERUPT INTO BLOODY WAR...
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO — SEND FOR REDMASK!

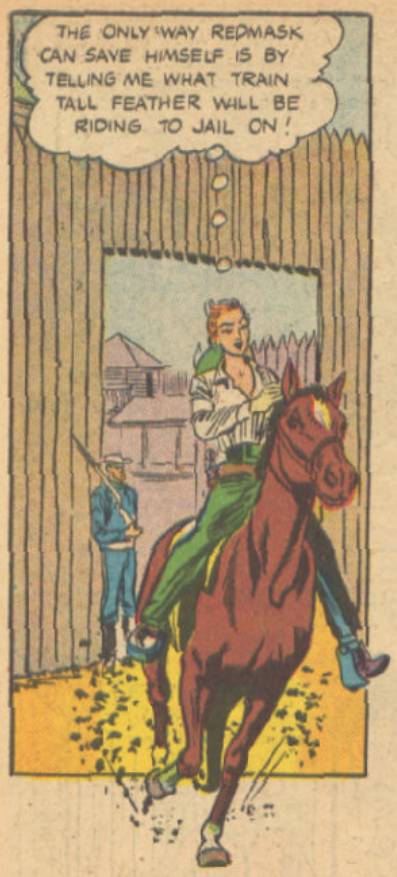

SOME DAYS LATER —
REDMASK, THE APACHES ARE GATHERED IN THE HILLS — MIMBRENOS! WHITE MOUNTAINS! MESCALEROS!
I KNOW! THEY WANT TO STOP THE TRAIN CARRYING TALL FEATHER TO A FEDERAL PRISON! — THEY WANT TO FREE HIM!

THE APACHES HAVE CUT ALL OUR TELEPHONE WIRES! I MUST SEND A RIDER TO THE RAILROAD TOWN OF FREEDOM, BRINGING WORD OF WHEN TO SEND THE TRAIN FOR TALL FEATHER! THOSE RED DEVILS WILL BE OUT THERE WAITING FOR THE MAN I SEND, TO TORTURE HIM INTO GIVING UP THE DATE WHEN THAT TRAIN WILL TRAVEL. BUT, YOU MUST BE THAT RIDER, REDMASK!


THE APACHES MUST NEVER RESCUE TALL FEATHER! IT WOULD AMOUNT TO A LOSS OF PRESTIGE FOR THE ARMY THAT WOULD SET US BACK FIFTY YEARS ON THE FRONTIER! I'M SENDING YOU, EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS DEATH BY TORTURE IF THEY CATCH YOU!

AS REDMASK MOUNTS WRANGLER, A HEAVILY ARMED GIRL WATCHES HIM WITH NARROWED EYES...
SO THE COLONEL IS SENDING REDMASK! WELL, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME! I'LL KILL REDMASK AS QUICK AS I WILL ANYONE ELSE HE SENDS!

TIM HOLT


THE ONLY WAY REDMASK CAN SAVE HIMSELF IS BY TELLING ME WHAT TRAIN TALL FEATHER WILL BE RIDING TO JAIL ON!

UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING TRACKED, REDMASK RACES ACROSS THE PRAIRIE WASTES...
APACHES WILL BE LOOKING FOR ME. I BETTER KEEP MY EYES OPEN...

THERE THEY ARE NOW! DIG DIRT, WRANGLER!

LIKE AN ELUSIVE SHADOW, THE MASKED RIDER USES ALL HIS TRAILCRAFT TO EVADE THESE MASTERS OF THE CHASE...
THIS BLANKET WILL RUB OUT MY TRACKS!

BY TWISTING CANYON WALLS, BY LITTLE ROCKY WASHES, REDMASK MAKES HIS WAY NORTHWARD...
AND THIS WATER WILL HIDE ANY TRACKS I MIGHT MAKE GETTING OUT OF HORSESHOE CANYONS...

HE ELUDES HIS RED PURSUERS, BUT THERE IS ONE HE DOES NOT ELUDE...
LOST THEM! NOW IT'S CLEAR SAILING ALL THE WAY TO THE RAILROAD TOWN OF FREEDOM!

HUH?

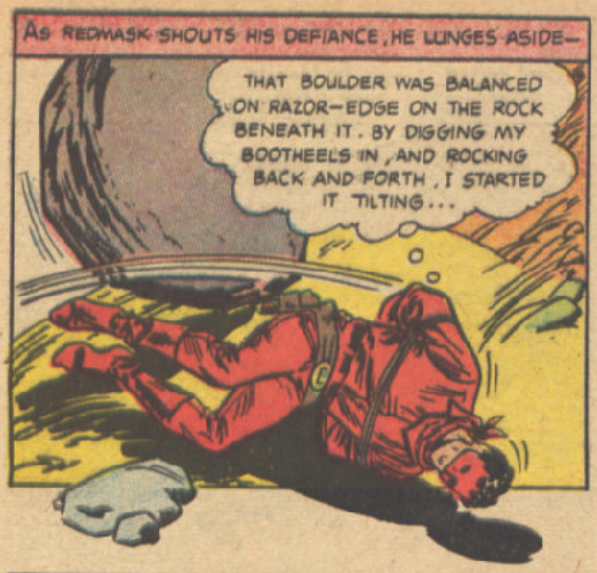
A GIRL! WHO ARE YOU? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
I'M PEG MASON. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT TRAIN TALL FEATHER WILL BE TRAVELLING ON WHEN THEY TAKE HIM TO THAT FEDERAL PRISON!

TALL FEATHER KILLED MY TWO BROTHERS IN AN APACHE RAID! I SWORE THEN THAT SOMEDAY I'D KILL HIM MYSELF! WHEN I LEARN WHAT TRAIN HE'S TAKING—I'LL BE ABOARD IT WITH MY COLTS! I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY DO TO ME — AS LONG AS I GET HIM! NOW WHERE ARE YOU HIDING THAT INFORMATION?

SORRY, MA'AM! I'M NOT TALKING.
I'M SORRY, TOO. THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO BURN THE INFORMATION OUT OF YOU!

AS THE BRANDING IRON HEATS IN THE FLAMES, REDMASK DIGS HIS BOOTHEELS DEEP INTO THE GROUND, AS IF TO CRAWL AWAY FROM THAT GLOWING METAL...
FOR THE LAST TIME—WILL YOU GIVE ME THAT INFORMATION, OR TELL ME WHAT TRAIN IT IS THAT WILL CARRY TALL FEATHER?

WILL YOU TALK?
NO!


AS REDMASK SHOUTS HIS DEFIANCE, HE LUNGES ASIDE—
THAT BOULDER WAS BALANCED ON RAZOR-EDGE ON THE ROCK BENEATH IT. BY DIGGING MY BOOTHEELS IN, AND ROCKING BACK AND FORTH, I STARTED IT TILTING...

I DON'T LIKE TO FIGHT A WOMAN, BUT I'M CARRYING TO IMPORTANT A MESSAGE TO BE CHIVALROUS AT THE MOMENT!
AIIIEE!

MOUNTED ONCE AGAIN, REDMASK RIDES OFF IN FRENZIED HASTE...

BUT THE APACHES HAVE HAD A CHANCE TO TRACK DOWN THEIR QUARRY, AND SOON—
WE HAVE YOU, REDMASK!
CATCH HAND, BRING DOWN!

HOLD ARMS!
BRING ROPE! WE TIE HIM DOWN!

THE POUNDING OF A FLAT STONE ECHOES ACROSS THE ROCKS. THIS IS THE FIRST STEP IN APACHE TORTURE, WITH THE VICTIM SPREADEAGLED HELPLESS ON THE GROUND...

THE NEXT STEP IS THE HEATING OF PINE TORCHES, WITH WHICH TO BLISTER A MAN'S FLESH...
YOU TELL WHERE TALL FEATHER RIDE IN PALEFACE IRON HORSE, YOU NOT BE TORTURED!
I DON'T TELL ANYTHING. GET BUSY...

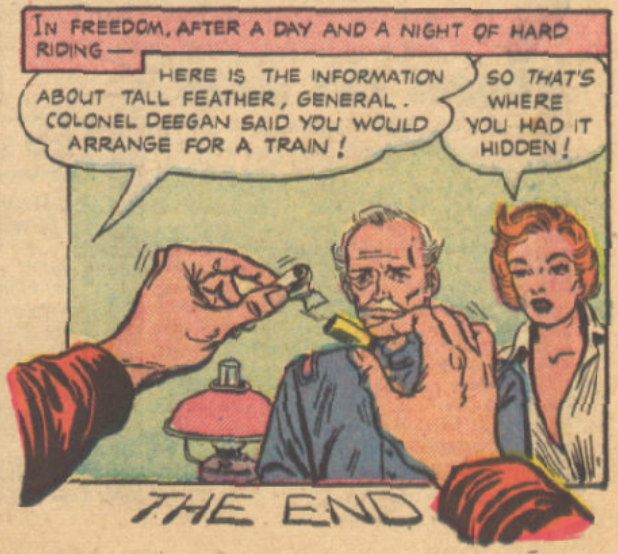
AS A SCOWLING APACHE ADVANCES ON A SWEATING REDMASK, A RIFLE CRACKS IN THE ROCKS ABOVE...
GGNNGGG!

AS THE APACHES DRAW BACK BEFORE THE INVISIBLE MARKSMAN, REDMASK THRUSTS PART OF THE ROPE THAT BINDS HIM AT THE FALLEN TORCH...
THE FIRE WILL PART THESE ROPES EVEN FASTER THAN A KNIFE!

A MOMENT LATER, WITH HIS SIXGUNS SPITTING, HE RACES IN AMONG THE ROCKS...

YOU! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME DEAD? OR ARE YOU SAVING ME TO KILL ME YOURSELF?
I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT TALL FEATHER! WHEN I REALIZED HOW DESPERATELY THOSE APACHES WANTED TO FREE HIM, I REALIZED WHAT A PRISON MEANS TO AN INDIAN!

A PRISON IS A WORSE PUNISHMENT FOR AN INDIAN THAN DEATH! I CAME AFTER YOU, SHOT EVERY APACHE I COULD LAY MY SIGHTS ON, UNTIL YOU COULD GET AWAY!
LOOKS LIKE YOU DID A GREAT JOB! COME ON—LET'S RIDE FOR FREEDOM!


IN FREEDOM, AFTER A DAY AND A NIGHT OF HARD RIDING—
HERE IS THE INFORMATION ABOUT TALL FEATHER, GENERAL. COLONEL DEEGAN SAID YOU WOULD ARRANGE FOR A TRAIN!
SO THAT'S WHERE YOU HAD IT HIDDEN!
THE END

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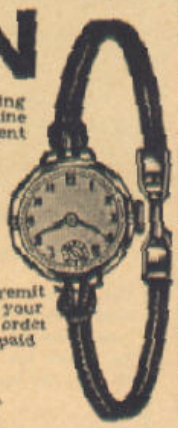

WE TRUST YOU

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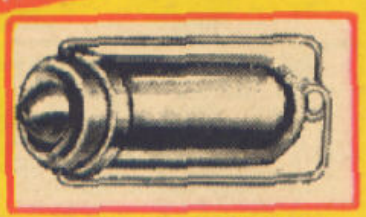
AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE



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